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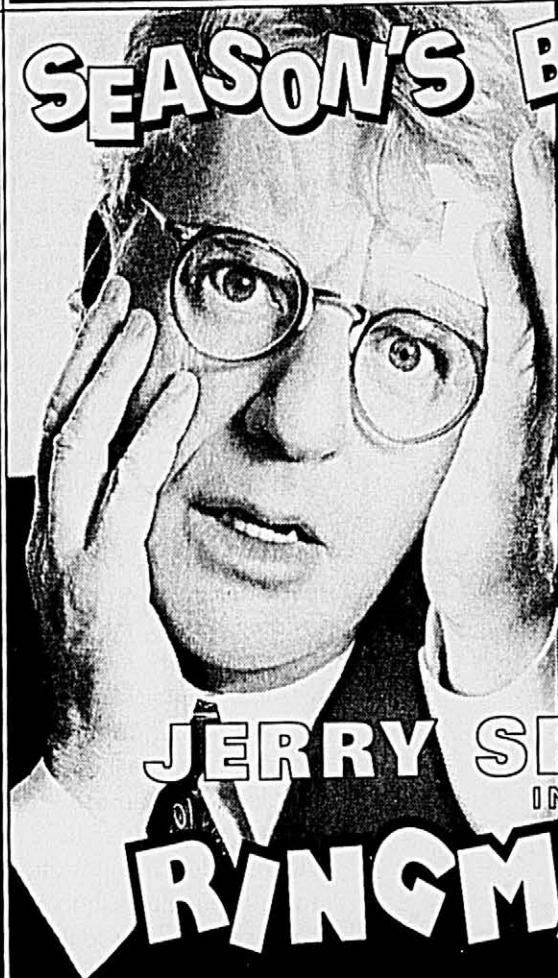
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EDITORIAL

THE TRUTH ON EQUALITY AND DISPROPORTIONALITIES

"The inability on the part of so many people to think critically about what is happening in this country is largely a result of the politicians and the media, and the ideas about crime that circulate about crime, and the fear of crime that circulate not only in the politician's speeches but also in popular culture... We have to demystify these ideas that hold people captive to the notion that prison is the only solution that's available." Angela Davis, March 28, 1998.

And though Angela Davis was discussing the terrifying expansion of the American prison system, the situation in our country cannot be neglected.

First nations and black populations remain disproportionately incarcerated; an over representation that does not transfer itself into the rest of Canadian society: access to educa-

tion, to (adequate) jobs and (adequate) wages. These people, our people, do not enjoy the corresponding levels of health, prosperity or life satisfaction that the rest of Canada enjoys.

Yet the Canadian government, like its southern Brother, denies the existence of political prisoners. We don't have 'political' prisoners in our jails. Prisons are for criminals, right? For thugs and thieves, murderers or simply trash. For those who needed cash, for those who could not find a job, for those whose culture and confidence has been destroyed for the benefit of this democracy. And for those who do not now, and never did, recognize, in any guise, the authority of this federation called Canada.

Although the black population in Nova Scotia is only 2 percent, 15 percent of all the province's defendants are black. And although only 1.9 percent of Mani-

toba's population is of First Nations descent, First Nations peoples make up 26 percent of those incarcerated. In 1991, 68% of all those admitted to Saskatchewan's provincial correctional facilities were Indian, non-status Indian and métis.

Although these incarcerated persons might have committed a crime (we say 'might' because the probability that the courts will make a 'mistake' increases for visible minorities and the poor), what were the conditions that led to it, and are they important? It is easier to contain the individual manifestations of social inequalities than to seriously set ourselves to tackle the deeper roots.

However some prisoners are in the strictest sense political prisoners. We cannot forget those that remain incarcerated for charges stemming from the Oka Crisis. And then there was the 1995 Gustafsen Lake Crisis. (Crisis seems to be the accepted code word for civil war). When the Native community attempted to

protect a sacred place from the cattle of local ranchers, they were met with guns and racist slander. After a few weeks of fire exchange between the two groups, police negotiators imposed a cease-fire. The violence resumed however when 400 RCMP police stepped in, occupying the area with tanks, setting land mines and cutting off life support for the following month. In the opinion of the Native community the Canadian government had no jurisdiction or authority on Shuswap land. At the end of a trial that lasted a year, two Shuswap men received a sentence of close to 10 years.

And what about Leonard Peltier who has spent 21 years of his one lifetime incarcerated? He was given over to the U.S. by the Canadian government. The FBI has since admitted to falsifying the supposed evidence contained in the transfer documents. Many believe that the Canada was well aware of this falsification. However it has taken our government more than 20 years to even be-

gin an inquiry.

We have the opportunity as students at this institution and the obligation as young, privileged adults, to understand the inadequacies of the current prison system. We must also recognize that the term 'political prisoner' encompasses many more of the incarcerated than mainstream media and our government would like us to believe.

It is all too easy to conclude by saying that the current system doesn't work; it is oppressive and discriminatory and a new system needs to be created. But even before we look at transforming the present system, we must redefine our own ideology. For change to occur, we must be ready to challenge the disproportionality of our terminology.

Get involved in what's left of QPIRG's week by attending tonight's panel discussion, "Humanizing our criminal justice system for victims, offenders and communities," led by Warren Allmand at 3506 University St.

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editorial offices:

3480 McTAVISH ST., MONTREAL, QC., ROOM B-03, H3A 1X9

business and advertising office:

3480 McTAVISH ST., MONTREAL, QC., ROOM B-07, H3A 1X9

email: daily@generation.net

editorial: (514)-398-6784

fax: (514)-398-8318

business/advertising: (514)-398-6790

business manager:

MARLAN SCHRIER

assistant business manager:

PARVATI NEOGI

advertising management:

LETTY MATTEO, BORIS SHEDOV

advertising layout and design:

MARK BROOKER

cover artist:

ALLY PICARD

contributors:

GARE FLORES, AUTUMN HAAG, CELINE

HEINBECKER, KELLY JACKSON, ASTRID

LUM, ERIC NG, GIL SHOCKLAT, MELANIE

TAKEFMAN, NEIL VERMA, PETE WRINCHI

co-ordinating editor:

VERDA COOK

co-ordinating news editor:

JEFF WEBER

co-ordinating culture editor:

ANNA ALFREDSON

news editors:

LOUIGI ADDARIO-BERRY, JASON CHOW

culture editors:

JULIA DAULT

features editor:

LOUIE BRAUN

photo editor:

LOUIE BRAUN

layout and design co-ordinators:

AMY PAPAELIAS, JAMES YAP

office manager/online editor:

AMY PAPAELIAS

départ français:

PATRICK PRIMEAU

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NOTE FROM BELOW

The Daily has reorganized our staff meetings. They will now occur every other Thursday, in the basement at 5:30pm. Meetings will be shorter, interesting, and just all around fresh. We want everyone to check it out whether you are staff or not.

Note: There is no staff meeting tonight, sleep tight.

The Black Caucus will meet Wednesday November 25 at 5:30pm, here in the office. We'll be planning the Black History Month special issue. We're also going to be discussing media (mis)representation of issues that affect us. As well as ways to increase the coverage of these issues in the Daily and beyond. If this interests you, drop by.

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THE DAILY
NOV 19 1998

Breaking the Law

A NEW STANDARD FOR YOUNG MONTRÉAL ARTISTS

by Gabe Flores

The artist's dilemma of main-
taining truth in their work
while struggling with the de-
cision of whether or not to sell
their art in order to subsist, is no
less valid today than it was at the
begin-
ning of
the cen-
tury. In-
deed, for
every art-
ist that
achieves
fame and
fortune
through
their art,
there are
countless
others
mired in a
hand-to-
mouth ex-
istence.

Two
weeks
ago a
rare op-
portunity sprung up for some of
Montréal's young artists: the Law-
less Gallery opened its doors to
nine "independent and creatively
free artists".

Unlike the whitewashed walls
and minimal detail often used in
galleries in order to focus all at-
tention to the pieces on display,
the space at the Lawless Gallery
has been expertly arranged. Bordered
by exposed stone wall and
supported by seven wood col-
umns, the gallery gives off a feel-
ing of warmth. The impressive
interior design has not however
detracted from the paintings
which not only cover the walls,
but are affixed on a divide span-
ning the length of the gallery.

In speaking with Danny Law-
less, one of the collaborators and
showcased artists, it became ap-
parent that he understands the
potential art has within the com-
mercial industry. With experience
in the advertising industry and as
a video clip director, Lawless has
recruited artists for this gallery
that realize that art extends well
beyond the canvas and into dif-
ferent forms of media. Citing the
growing advancements in tech-
nological applications, Lawless
has recruited artists for the show

that are products of their popu-
lar culture.

Three of the artists whose neo-
pop art is on display are Ashley
Dagg Heston, Daniel H. Aronson,
and David Pelletier. Heston's large

canvases
depict
scenes
similar
to those
out of
50's
Coca-
Cola ad-
vertise-
ments. One
of David
Pelletier's
larger
canvases
features
the use of
several
mediums:
bright
acrylics,
written
words



and even copies of anatomical
drawings, all ingeniously ar-
ranged to convey the artist's mes-
sage. Aronson's displayed works
include several renditions of the
same subject, in one case a
Ronald Reagan-like portrait.
Aronson's centrepiece is a win-
dow frame on which a white glass
has been etched, revealing a girl's
profile and capturing the prodig-
iously mature style of this nine-
teen year-old artist.

While the Lawless Gallery has
decided to break from the tradi-
tional style of display and has
adopted a new philosophy to-
wards its artists, it is not exempt
from the pressures of commercial
viability. All the artwork on dis-
play is for sale. The presence of
a market however, is dubious.
Unlike the artistic hubs of New
York City and Los Angeles,
Montréal has few galleries (if any)
that have placed such emphasis
on young artists. Whether buy-
ers will recognize the value of
current art versus pieces from es-
tablished artists, still remains to
be seen.

Lawless Gallery. "a new art
you live", 377 St. Paul W. (just
east of McGill Ave.) Open every
day, 10:30 a.m. - 6:00 p.m.

FLICKS FROM THE SWAMP

A FISTFIGHT BETWEEN STASIS AND FLUX IN *THE RED VIOLIN*

String Instruments and the Inevitability of Death

by Bev. Rip Van Swamp

We are here to ruin our selves and to break our hearts, love the wrong people and die - Nicolas Cage in Moonstruck.

'Twas the eve of my birthday and all through my brain my rods and cones were flailing in vertiginous, importentious triangles, trying to make some visual sense of the world. It wasn't working too good.

The world: the place where we work until we can't, then we die; where G. Gordon Liddy, Michael J. Fox, you and your pet dog swirl in a spasmodic typhoon, with maybe a couple of bucks in your pockets and half a dream in your heads, knocking around like nuts in a shoebox. And the only immortality we can muster is rising again, in the faces of our children. Yeah man. Rankin Family lyrics, at the end of which all we can hope for is a visa to the county of the Father in the province of the Son, in the People's Republic of the Holy Ghost, which is presumably hovering out there someplace. I turned twenty yesterday. Begrudge me not my rhetoric.

I went to see *The Red Violin*, Francois Girard's new film, because I think his last effort 32 *Short Films About Glenn Gould* was the best Canadian film ever made. I bought a red ticket, ate french fries in a red package, and sat down in a red theatre beside my beloved V. in her red earmuffs. I thought about Paul Klee, who in 1914 said "Colour and I are one." Then I thought about the inevitability of death. Then the lights went off and the movie started.

Imagine, if you will, having perfection plopped down on your face, unannounced, like the Ghost of Christmas Past in your bedroom. You're walking down the street, minding your own business. Suddenly somebody points to a pinball machine or a sponge,

and you realize that you behold the most perfect sponge or pinball machine ever created.

Perfection is the consummate ambiguity. Everybody reacts to it in a different way, and the panorama of reactions is a portrait of what our species is capable of - magic, self-destruction, worship, passion, politics, artistry and more than a little bit of nookie. Perfection is the praxis nestled tightly in Girard's magnificent little film that nobody in the Christmas rush will bother seeing. A perfect violin born and cured by master Niccolo Busotti in 1681, whose sonic resonances and lithe construction have no flaw, no mistake and no equal.

The camera follows the violin on a swirling path from Italy to Austria, England, China and Montréal. The Violin sings hauntingly, extra-temporally and apart, yet intimately woven with the ebb and flow of our disastrous enterprise called civilization. Confronting this movie is confronting the pre-Cambrian dialectic of permanence and mutability.

Meanwhile, the violin lives forever. The longer you leave a blatant symbol on the screen the more meanings it'll suck up. In the end, the symbol denotes either everything or nothing. Moviemakers like to deal with eternal symbols. Celluloid doesn't last, but the artifice is as majestic as eternity.

Eternity: *Vampires, Ponce de Leon, the Count Saint Germain, Gods, The Highlander, Oil of Olay twice a day. Living Forever is the seat reserved for Philosopher's Stones, Holy Grails and Platonic Forms. Humans need not apply.*

The violin's story is filled with pathos and loss, death and resurrection, but at core it's worried about stasis and flux. It is only through this perfect form that we can begin to understand the diabolical tension of this problem. A perfect object exists in our world

but is contemporaneous to nothing.

The film covers so much ground that every actor is cameonic. The standout performances are Samuel L. Jackson and Colm Feore, but the main star of this film is Girard's lyrical sense of narrativity, aided and abetted by the ubiquitous Don McKeller's script. *The Red Violin* is a cookie askew from conventional film epics.

A lot of people liken film language to music. Hitchcock knew this, and literally surrendered his third reels to Bernard Herrmann, maybe the best score-writer in classical Hollywood. Notice the centrality and permeation of *The Red Violin's* emphasis on music, because it is worth understanding that music is more than the food of love in Girard's oeuvre, it is the fuel of life.

Look, I'm not going to feed you no cockamamie jive about what this movie "means." You build your own preconception, hombre. What I will tell you is that the movie is compositionally intelligent and thematically affecting. Ideas about fatalism and time are artfully embedded within the film. The ideas charge out in style, on peculiar horses and incendiary shots, like traffic in this big shitty big city. But it's up to you to make something of these tidy, droll visuals. Film in general is enriched by *The Red Violin*. What more can you expect?

So here's me with my rods and cones corroded, gazing at a circular tsunami encouraging me to just go ahead and get old, with about as much subtlety as a polar bear munching on my leg. Here's me with nothing to do but ruin myself, break my heart, love the wrong people and die. Shit. Maybe I can never stick my foot in the same river twice, but I sure as hell want to drown myself in it sometimes.

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Riot in Montréal

PLAYWRIGHT ANDREW MOODIE COMES TO OPEN SOME EYES

by Autumn Haag

// "Fuck Québec" - you have to expect big things from a play that opens with those lines and then goes on to discuss the status of Québec from a Black-Canadian perspective. Don't worry, *Riot* doesn't disappoint.

The play is a comic and dramatic look at a group of six Black-Canadians living together in Toronto during the Rodney King trial and ensuing riots in Los Angeles, 1992. They represent the diversity of blacks in Canada, as they come from Jamaica, Nova Scotia, Vancouver and Montréal. The drama increases as the group attends a rally for Rodney King that escalates into a riot.

Some members of the group are related, some of them are dating, and all of them have had experiences with racism both

riot.

The show however, is as much about the diversity and problems within the Black-Canadian community as it is about racism itself.

Veronique Pierre, one of the actors in the show, says that *Riot* is unique in that it discusses how "blacks in Canada experience degrees of racism versus Americans". One of the characters in the play even makes the comment that "Canadians are ten times more racist than

Americans, only we hide it better". Despite being proud to be Canadian, the characters feel that there is much to be improved in race relations. As Pierre also notes, the play is about "culture clash within a culture."

Writer Andrew Moodie says that he was tired of playing stereotypical black roles and seeing shows such as *Road to Avonlea* (mentioned in the play) ignore blacks entirely. He feels his play is a "light on a nation - Black Canada", and that the show is about the differences within the different nationalities of blacks in Canada, a diversity many don't think about.

The first two words of *Riot*, very Jerryesque in fashion, are meant to shock and grab the attention of the audience. It is the last major speech which denotes its theme: what it means to be Canadian, no matter what your race, in a time when it is more diverse than it has ever been. In this speech, one of the main characters reminisces about growing up in Canada and says:

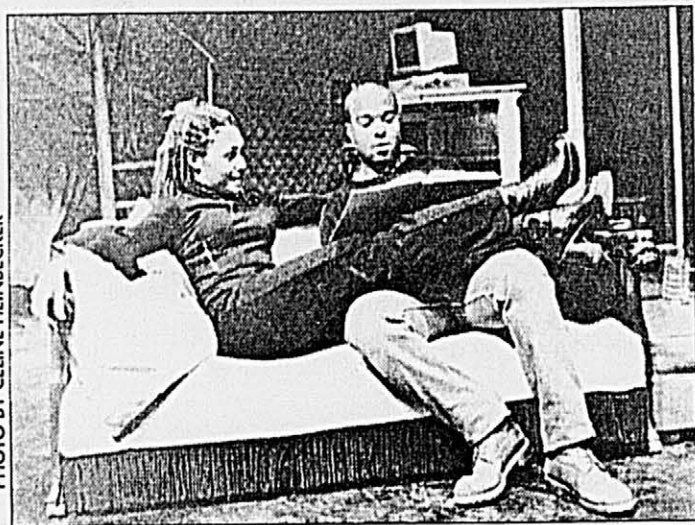
"I would stretch my arms out and try to touch the edge of Canada, but it was way too big...So I would flop on my stom-

ach and grab fistfuls of grass and I would hug Canada. And you know what...if you stay really, really, really still, after a while, it almost feels like Canada is hugging you back. And I miss that feeling. I really do."

I would highly recommend going to see the show as I think many people, myself included, are unaware of some of the issues that the play focuses on. Without being preachy, it makes some excellent points.

Riot has won numerous awards and is being presented by the Black Theatre Workshop, a professional theatre company that specializes in plays by black playwrights. It will also be studied in the English department's Studies in Canadian Fiction course, 110-411B.

Riot opened November 17, and runs until the 28th at the Theatre du Maurier of Le Monument National, 1182 St. Laurent.



RIOT PLAYS AT THÉÂTRE DU MAURIER UNTIL NOV. 28

Lone Ranger

BLUE RODEO'S JIM CUDDY STRUGGLES TO STAND ON HIS OWN

by Melanie Takefman

Not since Michael Outgrooved the Jackson Five has a solo career been so successful.

Jim Cuddy could tell you that.

Cuddy, half of Blue Rodeo's songwriting team, recently joined the ranks of singers who put their egos on the line and go solo.

His new album, *All In Time*, is to Blue Rodeo what Paul McCartney's *Wings* is to the Beatles. Cuddy put in a commendable effort, but he cannot drag himself out of Blue Rodeo's shadow.

After being part of Canada's most consistently-loved band,

Cuddy released "All in Time," a beautiful collection of ballads and folk tunes. The current single, "Disappointment," has been receiving ample radio play, and Cuddy's cross-Canada tour is going well so far.

But last Friday Cuddy proved to a packed Cabaret that Blue Rodeo's success comes from the group's chemistry, not individual

talent.

As several hundred groupies, enthusiasts and curious onlookers can attest to, something was missing. I enjoy Cuddy's solo music and he is a superb performer. Yet, I repeatedly found myself screaming shamelessly for oldies like "Girl of Mine" and "What Am I Doing Here."

I was not alone. The audience responded warmly to Cuddy's openers, but they had come to hear Blue Rodeo.

Halfway into the show, after the thousandth audience demand for a Blue Rodeo song, Cuddy conceded. He told a heckler that he knew everyone was there to hear "Try," his band's 1987 breakthrough hit, and he appreciates it, but that he has to get some things done first.

From then on, it was full steam ahead as Cuddy played classics like "Five Days in May," "Trust Yourself," and "Till I Am Myself Again."

Being the congenial guy that

he is, Cuddy shared the spotlight with some of his talented bandmates.

Intense violinist Adele Armin stole the show with her orgasmic fiddling. Her solo interludes provided us with the excitement that we craved.

Guitarist Colin Cripps, who Cuddy introduced as a "reformed sexaholic," played one of his own songs, as did Blue Rodeo bassist Basil Donovan, who is also a member of Cuddy's band.

Many people wonder why Jim Cuddy, who enjoys a fruitful songwriting partnership with co-Blue Rodeo frontman Greg Keelor, would venture into solodomy, especially since Blue Rodeo has no plans to break up.

Maybe it's a case of copping — Keelor recently re-

leased a solo album, called *Gone* — or maybe it's a mid-life crisis.

Either way, maybe we fans were too hard on him. You've got to admire a guy who tries desperately to detach himself from

category. A few of the tipsier members of the audience took joy in telling him to do up his shirt.

Besides his unnecessary chest exposure, Cohen's lyrics sounded like those of a horny thirteen-year-old. And he insisted on performing a hip-gyrating/masturbation "dance" for his entire set.

By the end, both performer and audience were satisfied (especially the guy who convinced Cuddy and Basil to autograph his chest). Cuddy shared his beloved songs and we got to hear our Blue Rodeo favourites.

In these pre-election days, satisfying a room full of Montréalers is like asking the Spice Girls to cover up. Cuddy therefore accomplished the impossible, despite the ever looming shadow of Blue Rodeo.



JIM CUDDY WITH HIS NEW BAND

the coattails of his prior successes.

Speaking of coattails, Cuddy's second opening act was Adam Cohen, son of Leonard. Cohen obviously has a lot to live up to as well, but he fell short in every

Cha-Cha by John Wacos with an Edge

MUTATA CHA-CHA-CHA DANCES
INTO THE TWENTY FIRST CENTURY

by Kelly Jackson

I never thought I'd join a cult. That is, until Sunday night. As a result of an underground tip, I ended up at Blizzarts for the official launch of Mutata Cha-Cha-Cha (emphasis on the second cha). With plenty of room to chill on its futuristic furniture under relaxed lighting, Blizzarts acts as the perfect location for Mutata's experimental cha-cha grooves.

The mind behind the concept, le professeur Bibi Lefève, informed me of it as a "low maintenance, no stress" kind of night. The combination of Iz Cox on vocals, the samplings of Rick Rigby, Agent Orange on synthesizer and the mutated spinnings of Lefève make for a pleasant aural experience; at times soothing, at times a bit dark but always entertaining. Talking to Lefève, a self-proclaimed cha-cha addict, led to my uncovering of the underlying darker theme to the evening: the formation of cult.

The cha-cha revolution picks up where the UFO Research Group (aol keyword: uforg) left off. The latter having been initially founded and subsequently abandoned by Lefève, continues to operate, particularly in Ottawa and Toronto. Lefève felt that the whole millennial UFO deal was getting old and that something far more obscure was needed to achieve a new level of complexity for the cult, i.e., cha-cha. Cha-cha encompasses more than just the dance. It is in part a manifestation of the current rehashing of 50s lounge culture with a darker slant. It is an assimilation of a culture to serve the ends of those involved. Cha-cha is "down to earth, passionate and somehow space age at the same time". It contains a real duality: the two elements being the cha, and the cha—which I liken to the i and the ki, or the yin and the yang for those who may have trouble understanding the essence of the cha-cha. It's not an optimistic outlook and it is definitely underground (which means that university kids should love it). And for all those under age, no need to worry as Lefève confirmed that you don't need parental permission to join.

He feels that cha-cha is more of a tribal ideology, than necessarily cultish, but that the ætigmatism attached to the word "tribe" are barriers to the



true understanding of cha-cha.

Intrigued, I asked him to define what it was for any activity to be given cult status. I was informed that he felt something had achieved this status when people gathered around a particular individual or group who were doing weird, random things.

The more we talked, the more enticed I was. So, I decided to join. Whether it was because this city is really lame on Sunday nights, or that I'm convinced that cha-cha will carry me through the millennium, I'm not sure. But like any good cult member, I'm already trying to recruit new members.

*Mutata Cha-Cha-Cha
NpdyRinitiation ceremonies
from 9-1 every Sunday night
at Blizzarts (3956A St.
Laurent)*



DAVE MATTHEWS

Look out Santropol, you're getting Elixired

NEW VEGAN RESTAURANT SERVES IT UP GOOD, CHEAP AND MEANINGFUL

by Julia Dault

I finally found it. That place I thought never existed. It's called Elixir, and it's the newest addition to the vegetarian restaurant scene of Montréal. Everyone knows and probably frequents Santropol, the most ancient vegetarian restaurant around. Then there's Chu Chai, without doubt the more original vegetarian eatery around that flourishes on the gimmick of vegetarian meat. Elixir, located at 916 Duluth East, at the corner of St. Andre, is a completely vegan restaurant that is so good that it is going to send the others running with their carrot tops between their legs.

Elixir is all you could ever want in a neighbourhood restaurant and, you guessed it, more. It was opened only a few months ago by a young couple Cynthia Foucher and Graham Ronne. Both dedicated vegans themselves, they felt there was a serious lack of cruelty free, healthy fare for Montréalers. "It all started with juice," Cynthia explained to me while stirring a gigantic pot of homemade carrot ginger soup, "there was none!". They realized something had to be done. Elixir started off as a juice bar providing a wide variety of fresh juices, smoothies and even wheatgrass to the people (wheatgrass is essentially raw chlorophyll juiced directly from grass that oxidizes



and gives the body an instant energy boost.) Eventually they moved on to creating an extensive assortment of entrees, breads, soups, muffins, cakes and baked goods that are all made on the premises and from cruelty free ingredients.

Elixir is a very small space stuffed with little tables, mismatched chairs, newspapers, plants, a little couch, stacks of cookbooks, and a row of bread makers. Piles of vegetables await chopping in the kitchen which you can see right into from over the little bar. It's got that friend's living room sort of feel to it.

Elixir has no menu, only daily specials. The food is beyond cheap. Delicious soup runs at \$2.50 for an enormous bowlful, for soup and pizza it's a mere \$3.95. Soup and sandwich of your choice is only \$5.50. For the entree and soup it's only a dollar

more (depending on which day of the week it is, it could be a curry meal, shepherd's pie, chili, that sort of thing). Soup is served with freshly baked bread, veggie pate pizza is made on a whole wheat crust, and comes with a side of dried fruits, seeds and nuts that are lovingly arranged at the side of the plate. Everything is made with care.

Elixir does not charge tax (any small business that makes less than 30,000 technically doesn't have to, though most of them still do), prices are as is.

Do not let the fact that Elixir is purely vegan deter you from discovering it. Vegan is not another word for Romulan, all it means is that the food is made from absolutely no animal products or bi-products. It's good food that happens to have not harmed anything in the process of becoming edible.

Elixir is a gem. It's an alternative to the normally frequented restaurants that provide good grub that we can afford. It's a wonderful place to sit, read, eat cheap good food, and support those people who are making a difference.

*Elixir is open Tuesdays to
Sundays, 10am-7pm, and has
no phone.*

The Dave Matthews Band concert in review

by Gabe Flores

For the second time this year, the Dave Matthews Band brought their music to Montréal. A vast improvement over the cramped sauna-like conditions of the spring concert, the Molson concert accommodated about 9,000 fans in the amphitheatre configuration. Featured on this tour is Tim Reynolds, guitarist and close friend of Dave Matthews. Together, the two have written several songs, and have toured as an acoustic outfit in previous years.

While the stage seemed crowded with six

musicians, each contributed throughout the nearly three hour show. Dave Matthews yielded the stage to violinist Boyd Tinsley and drummer Carter Beauford, both of whom soloed flawlessly in several songs featured on Monday night.

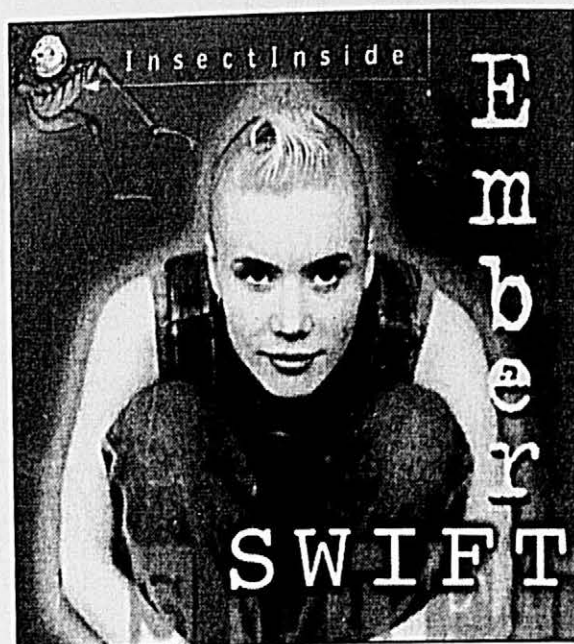
As is with every Dave Matthews concert, each song evoked a distinct, powerful emotion. "Crash Into Me" and "Proudest Monkey" came off gently, mellowing the crowd and offering one end of the musical spectrum, while the rhythmic sounds of "Two Step" launched the audience into a dancing frenzy. Playing tracks from each of their last three albums, the concert also featured an unreleased track which has been

in song rotation all tour. "I'll back you up" was familiar only to the diehard DMB fans who often collect bootleg concert tapes freely traded both at the shows and on the many web pages dedicated to the band.

With a dedicated following of college students, Dave Matthews Band has toured throughout the world this year, starting off the Behind these Crowded Streets tour in North America, then a tour opening for the Rolling Stones in Europe, several stops in South America early this fall, and shows throughout the end of 1998. Dave Matthews is featured in the Rolling Stones latest album, and rumours abound concerning the imminent release of a second live album.

Falling Into Place

by Céline Heinbecker



Exuberancies

Daily: A Halifax paper has described you as being exuberant and chatty with your audiences.

Ember Swift: Exuberant. What a great word.

Daily: Do you prefer performing for a particular sized audience? Do you enjoy interacting with the crowd?

ES: A lot of the music is about stuff that needs to be explained. A lot of it is heavy so it's important to joke around, to be silly and just have fun.

It is important to interact with the audience. That's what performing is to me. It's not just getting up there and expecting to be stared at.

Daily: Is there a particular venue you've enjoyed in Montréal?

ES: The Cabaret is so beautiful. I've played in Montréal so many times now. I've played at Bistro 4 and had a good experience, but they really don't have a sound system there. It lacks technically, although you get a nice feel. I've played at Hotel to Tango for a crazy multidisciplinary event which was really good, at Le Cirque and the Cabaret. We're coming back to play there February 20th for the Valentine's Day Yawp. We're looking forward to it a lot. We're supposed to be the featured act—we get to go on stage at a good time! Traveling that far, it's nice to play for a big chunk.

Daily: You've also been described as "fierce feminist folk." What do you think of that?

ES: That's an alliteration and a half, eh? Everybody seems to describe it differently.

Daily: The main thing writers emphasize is that you dislike being compared to Ani DiFranco.

ES: Actually I don't dislike it. People misread me. I think that she's so excellent. I have so much respect for her. The only thing is that she's not my primary influence.

Daily: Who is your main in-

fluence?

ES: The longest standing influence is Joni Mitchell. I have so many influences. I listen to so many different kinds of music. I have only a few of Ani's albums. Two on CD, actually.

Daily: You're often pegged as being "angry." What is your opinion on women singers being described as such? Is it wrong?

ES: Any time a woman's voice is not associated with saying pleasant things, she's seen as angry. I'm just as angry as I am happy as I am silly as I am bitter.

Maybe five years ago an "angry chic rocker" bandwagon started. It was personifying that huge grunge angst, moving it from male string-haired angst to female string-haired angst.

I think that it's problematic that women are first of all described as angry before they're seen for what they do, for the message behind the words, the artistry. That is, after all, what gets the attention of the passerby. There's a double-sided coin to everything.

I really don't find my albums very angry. I admit that there's a little more angst on my first album, but I'm growing up.

Daily: The funniest of your "non-angry" songs, I think, is "Swooshi Swooshi" [the song describes a woman nicking her knee while shaving]. What inspired you to write that one?

ES: I was just being silly in the bathtub.

Daily: It almost sounds like a Sesame Street song. Kids should grow up singing "Rubber Ducky" and "Swooshi Swooshi".

ES: That works! I'll support that.

"I'm just as angry as I am happy as I am silly as I am bitter."

Daily: You just finished a coast-to-coast tour. Where do you feel you had the best audience?

ES: One thing that I learned on the tour is that people are people everywhere. It really doesn't matter where you are, you can come across similar audiences in different places.

The most important difference was the type of venue or scene

On The Road Again

place.

We had a lot of fun shows on the road. The East coast has really been good to us. Both coasts are a little nasty towards Toronto, though! The philosophy across the country is that anyone from Toronto thinks they're the best. People were up in arms before I had the chance to speak. They thought we came with the attitude that we were automatically superior.

Daily: Do people think you have had more breaks working in Toronto?

ES: If they do, I have to dispute that. There are so many bands in Toronto. I have been working for four years and don't feel I have trouble book-

ing shows across the country, but sometimes Toronto just bites my ass. It's humbling. You can work and work and work there and still only know a small niche. I keep going with it because I really don't have a choice personally. It's so much a part of me. I can't not do it. It would be like not eating.

Daily: Do you find you fit in all kinds of

scenes due to the music you play?

ES: I find that I can cross over from the folk coffee house to the live rock performance and that I can play festival stages, which is folk most of the time. I wish that I could say I fit into many scenes, but because I'm young and kinda screwy lookin' I don't have great marketability in certain highbrow clubs.



EMBER SWIFT, GUITAR IN HAND

or event. We played outdoor stages, cafes, cars, festival stages, community centers, a million different weird places; that mattered more than geography.

For instance, we had a great show in Victoria, but I don't think it was the place to play in town. We had great press, and the people who were there wanted something new. Everything just fell into

"When I started to compose and perform, I could count the female artists with guitars on one hand. But now, it's changing so rapidly that that won't be the case for much longer. Women are getting a lot of media attention in what has been the male media game."

Inside the Media Game

Daily: One of your CDs was available for purchase at Lilith Fair.

ES: Yes, it was a great opportunity. I'm distributed by a company called Festival Distribution that deals mostly with folk and world beat artists. They are fully independent and distribute indie music.

Their biggest client in Canada is Ani DiFranco, actually. They were doing a "women to watch out for." It was really helpful. I sold quite a bit of material and I wasn't even involved in the fair. I sort of rode on its coat tails!

Daily: Would you like to play at Lilith Fair?

ES: I'm not sure how long Lilith will last. As soon as you do something new and exciting and continue to do it, it's

no longer new and exciting. So it's not a huge goal. I like the independent route that I've taken. If the opportunity were to come up, I wouldn't refuse, but it's not something I'm pursuing actively.

Daily: Are there any women in the industry right now that

"because I'm young and kinda screwy lookin' I don't have great marketability in certain high-brow clubs"

you particularly admire for the headway they're making in a traditionally male-dominated business?

ES: That's a huge question. I don't consciously think about women in music. When I first began playing music, it was so evident that few women had a guitar in high school; no other women even played. When I started to compose and perform in Ottawa, I could count the female artists with guitars on one hand.

But now it's changing so rapidly that that won't be the case for much longer. Even if the industry is statistically still male-dominated, I don't think that will be reflected by who will be in the public eye. It's even starting to be balanced now. Women are getting a lot of media attention in what has been the male media game.

Daily: A recent article in *The Globe and Mail* bemoaned the fact that powerful female artists still feel they have to take their clothes off for magazine covers and videos.

ES: Women do it for different reasons. Nobody really wants to be a spokesperson for another group unless they do it consciously. Artists are more about creating their art. Art can sometimes be the creating force of culture and change. Because of that, many artists feel very responsible for culture and feel they need to have some sort of social impact.

I don't think many artists intend to be spokespeople. Some women take off their

clothes by choice, because it can be a freeing experience. It doesn't necessarily have to do with the plight of women if the woman herself doesn't then feel a victim of that plight. But of course you can analyze this from the other side. Maybe they're oppressing themselves. Once again, there's a flipside to everything.

It's important to stay true to what you believe in. You can't impose what you think on other artists because you never know where they're coming from. My primary focus as an artist is not to be a representative of women or to be a woman in a male-dominated culture. I am first and foremost an artist. I happen to be a woman, I happen to be white, I happen to be Canadian...the list goes on and on. I happen to be wordy at times!

Daily: We're looking forward to your next performance this winter.

ES: Thank you.

Ember's own indie record label is Few'll Ignite Sound. For more info check out her web site at www.emberswift.com, call her business line at (416) 533-9863, or write to her at ember.swift@utoronto.ca

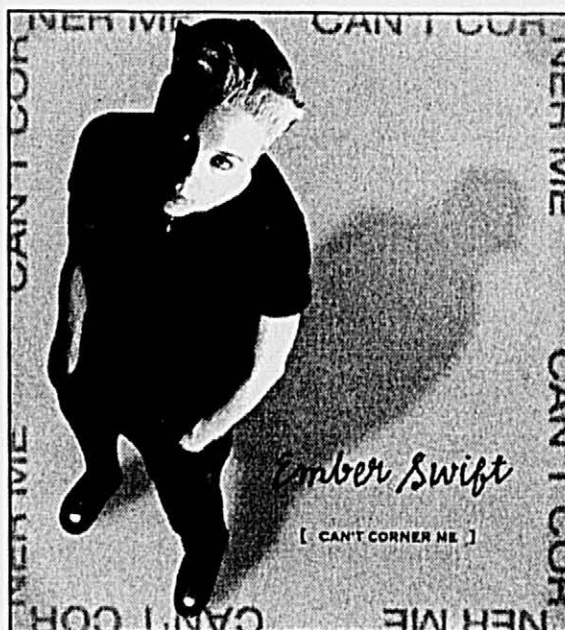


PHOTO BY SUZY MALIK

Creative Space

Ibirapuera Park

BBBBBB. King

In a park.

In the dark

Was my dream

Of hearing something from him.

He played it well, the old man.

Sang it down to us,

Round and round and round,

Until the ground

called for siesta.

With my recessed mind,

And a burnt line between my hairline,

I had to agree with a friend:

"He plays blues.

He wants to play it blue."

The sad face,

Raised to the sky above,

Has too many green letters

For me to believe so.

What happened to the golden days,

When music was laid down

To grave notes

In pious pockets?

All I see now

Is a bacchanal

Gone down in History

As the most banal

Attempt to make people content.

Oliver Redfern

the city is brown

blowing trash in

circles

tornadoes of leaves

and receipts and cigarette

ends

we all walk through

the darkness of the house

that smells cherry bubble gum balls

to the room

with the

kitten lady

who has the tar

in her eyes

with the persians

clean and fresh

the caring

the caring

of the revolution

that would stop

the tornadoes

and

and

and

and

but

the tolling continuous

and

moving to

the next stop on

the tour bus city

the T-bone pit-bull not allowed in the front

marsha was just waking up

the whites of her gums

were not tooth-pasted

totally removed

but left wondering

the city continued

and the tornadoes blew

all for only thirty dollars

Nadia Larina

Veronica Munda*

It's very easy to use

just point & shoot

point & shoot

flashbulb gunshots strike the holy man

elsewhere white light burns guilt to the bone

A thousand times a day

Hiroshima flashbacks burst to life

echos of rushing dreams

meander in the archways

He's seen better days,

i think,

cold as stone just hanging there

so unlike him

O Lord Jesus

in the heat of the moment i too,

have wiped my face off

& given it to Veronica

& now i've lost the recognition

of my mother on this earth

*Clean Veronica(Latin)

-a corruption of "Veronica

Mundi"(Veronica of the World)

taken from "Ooftish" by Samuel Beckett

Nathan Griffiths

To submit to Creative Space, drop off your creative pieces, including poems, short stories or artwork, in "Pete's Box" in the Daily Office, Shatner B-03 before 5pm on Wednesdays.

A Night with Rachmaninov

PIANIST DEFERNE SHINES, MAESTRO MAKES IMPRESSIVE DEBUT

by John Wacos

It is rare that we are given the opportunity to enjoy major classical works in smaller, more intimate venues.

Monday night's concert by the Orchestre Métropolitain featuring pianist Sylviane Deferne at the more intimate Théâtre Maisonneuve at Place des Arts indulged and delighted the audience with works by Rachmaninov.

The evening was the orchestral debut of 23 year-old conductor Yannick Nézet-Séguin. Known for his work as choral director at the Opéra de Montréal, the concert showed an impressive command over the complex orchestral medium.

The night's program began with Deferne tackling the infamous Rachmaninov Piano Concerto No. 2. Familiar to many ears (the movie *Shine* has incorporated the piece into the popular canon), the Swiss pianist took the piece to its demanding heights.

The austere and mysterious opening by solo piano was well-matched by the orchestra's entrance. However, at times, the orchestra became carried away and overwhelmed the soloist's gradual crescendo. Fortunately

when the climax, a repetition of the original theme, was reached the piano projected clearly and satisfied the audience's aural appetite.

The slow second movement was beautifully interpreted and was supported by the controlled swells of the orchestra. Deferne showed her tone's versatility and produced a muted but clear sound.

The final movement was definitely the highlight of the concert as it displayed the soloist's firework technique and deep musicality. Many pianists are tempted to speed their way through the movement, quenching their thirst for tempo but sacrificing the musical potential. Deferne did not fall into this trap and presented instead a passionate performance without being carried away. Her triplets were well restrained, both in rhythm and tone, creating a mysterious effect. And the orchestra's well-crafted, cohesive climax at the close of the piece was matched by the pyrotechnics of the soloist.

The second half of the concert featured Rachmaninov's second symphony; an opportunity for conductor Nézet-Séguin to show-

case his talents.

The first movement opened with soft, long-bowed notes from the cello, giving an eerie drone. This mood was abandoned a bit with the intrusive winds a few bars later. But they, or rather the oboeist, made up for it with a beautiful solo. The oboeist sent forth a crystal-clear sound that projected well by being neither stark nor strident. The climaxes created carpets of sound, well-balanced and blended by the conductor.

The allegro molto second movement began with a martial horse-rider theme, held rhythmically by the violins and then gave way to a more lyrical second theme. Nézet-Séguin led a lush, warm sound that was expansive with tasteful rubato. And the accelerando into the recap of the first theme was well-timed and effective.

Most impressive was the difficult ending, which traded sixteenth notes from violin to violin and ended in a quiet mysterious way.

The third movement opened with another well-projected and tempered solo by a wind player, this time a clarinet. It was



PIANIST SYLVIANE DEFERNE AND CONDUCTOR YANNICK NÉZET-SÉGUIN OF THE ORCHESTRE MÉTROPOLITAIN

matched by a warm bassoon and subtle strings. The long, sustained bows which are required by the strings carried their weight throughout the movement. The pinnacle achieved a delicate balance of full sound without any forced tones.

The allegro vivace finale was a delight. The transition from the loud dramatic opening to the lush full-carpet sounds of the second theme was achieved without a hitch. The warm sound used effective full swells. And parts of the piece which called for doses of rubato were performed impressively.

The orchestra gave an in-

volved performance and was rewarded by a standing ovation. The conductor was gratified by the clapping hands of his orchestra, happy with his debut.

Nézet-Séguin's skills revealed his characteristics as a choral director. He evoked beautiful sounds, yet at times lacked rhythmical precision. For example, when the winds and strings played their theme in unison in the first movement, the tone was marred by a lack of ensemble.

But lapses like those were few. And if the concert is a testament for things to come, expect great things out of this young maestro.

Notes from Within a Crowd

CHICAGO'S *RITUAL TRIO* PLAYS AT ISART

By As I'z

It started with a rumble, a bass that sounded like a mountain; a sax, a sweet instigation. It was almost dusk on a blazing red stage when *Ritual Trio* created a village. Finish your chores. Come back from the fields, and return from the markets. Feed our families full, put our littlest ones to sleep. It is dusk, but the ground is still burning our feet. And tonight it will not cool 'til dawn. We make music that sounds like clay.

The bassist, Malachi Favors Maghostut, begins to smolder over his bass. Father Time controls the pace of life. Slow and easy, cuz we gots no place to be. We gots nowhere to go. And Ari Brown, on centre stage — his tenor sax screams, laments a long day, teases and taunts.

And then came the drum, and a drummer. Percussionist Khalil El

Zabar's bound to freedom tonight. An insubordinate. A flashy deviation. A trickster, dizzy, playing games and turning tricks, for fun.

We began to dance easily in free fall. Some trippin, some flippin. Some lulled to sleep. Some religiously voicing appreciation for the gift of every single note. Dancing, hoping the beat would choose to break on us. Every crease began to sweat, soaking. Last night We had been engulfed by the ocean, and we woke up thickly salted.

But then it was morning on Chicago's South side, maybe Sunday morning. The sax was the sun. No, we knew it was a sweet ass day, cuz the sax told us so. To me I feel exceptionally, like I got nuttin planned but to be me. Myself, outside cata-agonies.

And that...on a day like today, is fine enough. Maybe cuz we just came up. By any means, a score that we believe should guarantee, a week of electricity. Hot water, and full belly. Or maybe just a tranquil mind. A feelin' so divine.

The djembe began to walk, it walked distances, long distances, until our legs became sore. We were strolling through my hood. It kept the slow pace of the ordinary life. Walking nowhere really, but moving. This brown skin, this stolen being, moving...

Later a mbira picked the sound of slow rising bubbles. Was i Home? Don't know home, but it feelz so good. shells and waves. reefs and sand and fearless nights. Was this West Africa, Jamaica, Chicago, or was this Montréal? Was it my tub, with my

eyes underwater and my heart beating slow? It was a track as moist as deep forests.

The voices of the musicians broke occasionally into rumbling hymns. Sometimes a subterranean choir ascending in vibrations. talking in tongues. Sometimes only one instrument conversed. And like Love it deceived us. It played like there was only...ever...me. It whispered, seduced, coaxed and praised. Who could say no? Who could go slow? Words like warm fingers, kneading tired flesh and tired bones. Minds wandering over the sounds of their assertions.

And then there were elongated moments. gospel trances. Caught in a rhythm that might have been sleep. Where the weight of the week, blinded me. Rolled my eyes to the back of my head and

grounded me, in melodic exhaustion.

The tenor continued to blow, silently. There was no sound left but he strained. The night had worn out our ears, abandoning us to the visual sensation of music. And this was jazz. They danced, they walked, they prayed. We returned worn from work. We woke up on peaceful mornings feeling so damn good. We plowed fields, we fetched water, we washed dishes, we served food and it was jazz.

Part II of the *Chicago Now* jazz series continues tonight. Check out *Isotope 217* at Isart. The first set begins at 9:30. Tickets are \$15 for students, \$20 otherwise, in advance. They can be bought at Cheapthrills. If you wait till you get there, it's gonna cost you \$25.

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Rogelio Salmons: A Latin American Architect

PROFESSOR RICHARD CASTRO ON THE

SUBJECT OF HIS NEW BOOK

by Eric Ng

What do these things have in common: water, political unrest and Le Corbusier? They are all crucial elements in the career of Rogelio Salmons, the man whose work is the subject of a new book by the McGill School of Architecture's Professor Ricardo Castro.

The book, entitled *Rogelio Salmons*, is the culmination of 9 years worth of study on the projects realised during the last 20 years by this Colombian architect, whose long and influential career spans from the 1950s to the present. What is it about his work that makes it so attractive? Why was his work chosen as the subject of research? Professor Castro provided me with some answers.

"Well" Castro began, "I started to study his work as a result of a visit to Cartagena, where I had been invited to participate in an international workshop on Latin American architecture. I was invited to visit the Presidential House for Illustrious Guests—that's a house that Salmons designed—and I succumbed to this extraordinary piece of architecture. And it occurred to me that it would be an interesting idea to start studying the work, because at that point I was studying the relationship between water and architecture. His work concentrates, or deals a lot, with the use of water and other non-conventional materials, so that's how I started."

"He's a very young architect, with a lot of wisdom"

Salmons grew up in Colombia where he was educated in a typical French school. In the late 1940s the legendary architect Le Corbusier visited Bogota, giving young Rogelio the opportunity to meet him via his father.

At that time there was some political upheaval in Colombia, and soon Salmons's father decided to send him abroad to Paris to continue his studies in architecture. After studying through 2 different schools including l'Ecole des Beaux Arts, he realized he didn't like what he was doing at

all.

"He felt there was nothing much left" explained Castro, "so he went and knocked on Corb's door, and Le Corbusier hired him to work."

At that time Salmons also took some courses in Paris, including one taught by Pierre Francastel, a very important philosopher and sociologist. During these 10 important years of his life he worked under Le Corbusier and studied under Francastel. In the late 50s

"He falls in that category of architects who are not self-promoting, but who are very consistent and produce a very strong work."

-Richard Castro on Salmons

Salmons finally returned to Colombia to work as an architect.

"From his first projects on, he already set the pace. His work was very well received, and he became a very well respected architect."

From then on, he has been continuously active, practicing architecture, winning prizes and teaching occasionally. As a matter of fact, Salmons taught Professor Castro while he was a student at Universidad de Los Andes in the 60s. Salmons's career has spanned almost 50 years, and he is still very active today.

"For me he is a very young architect with a lot of wisdom. He is still a very dynamic man doing a lot of very interesting things."

But what makes Salmons's work so special? It may be the fact that he draws his lessons in design from ancient pre-Colombian Mayan temples which incorporated the landscape with architecture.

Castro feels that an important part of Salmons's work is its "spatial aspect, and the way he responds to climate, geography and history that makes it very contemporary and yet a work that is very evocative of other periods and other geographical dimensions."

The Presidential House for Illustrious Guests in Cartagena, is an excellent example of Salmons's work at the domes-

tic level that dates back to the early 80s, the beginning of the time frame which Castro's book encompasses. The complex consists of courtyards, gardens and fountains, with countless references to pre-Hispanic sources. As in all Mayan architecture, one enters from the side and finds the axis, where one arrives in a space but still maintains a skewed view of another space. There is something magical about this architecture,

which Professor Castro compares with the concept of the "marvelous-real" in Latin American literature.

Salmons's most recent work is the National Archives of the Nation,

which is "the memory of Colombia, in other words". Opened only about 2 years ago, it has already received universal acceptance.

So, why haven't we seen any of Salmons's work here in North America? The answer is because he works at home, in his native Colombia. He does not go on tours, nor does he put his energy into promoting his work.

"He's a very modest person, and very much a person dedicated to his work only. He falls in that category of architects who are not self-promoting, but who are very consistent and produce a very strong work."

Because of this, Salmons's success did not come overnight, but very gradually. In the early stages of his career he only received recognition in Colombia. He won many biennial competitions as well as many prizes for his work—including ones from the Institute of Architecture in Mexico and other countries. Because of his consistently good work, his fame slowly expanded all over Latin America. It has taken him several decades to have his work appreciated internationally.

We will learn all about the last 20 exciting years of the architect's work in Professor Castro's new book, *Rogelio Salmons*, which will be available soon from Villegas Editores.

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THE MCGILL DAILY Shatner B07
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CD Reviews

**AMERICANA
OFFSPRING
COLUMBIA
RECORDS**

by James Yap

"Now she talks about her ex nonstop, but I don't mind. But when she calls out his name in bed That's where I draw the line. You told me a hundred times how your father left and he's gone. But I wish you wouldn't call me daddy. When we're gettin' it on"

Unfortunately, examples such as this of the trademark Offspring-brand humour we've all come to know and love are few and far between on their latest release, *Americana*. As the name would suggest, the album is intended to be a shot at American culture and lifestyle. Lyrically, the end result is boring and unoriginal. There's nothing we haven't already heard a million times before, and for the most part, it's not even funny.

Musically, this album is mediocre at best. I think that what the Offspring are trying to achieve is to take mainstream American popular music and warp it by blending it with their own style, so as to musically pollute the wholesome image of... well, of Americana - the same effect Marilyn Manson achieves with great success. But instead, what comes out in the end is a formulaic, twisted hybrid of mainstream popular music and your basic, unoriginal, generic punk rock. Compare their rather banal parody of Albert Morris' "Feelings" with Marilyn Manson's brilliant cover of Eurythmics' "Sweet Dreams," and you'll agree that this trick should definitely be reserved for artists that are good at it.

What the Offspring lack in musical quality, they try to make up for in energy - this album is definitely much more energetic than recent efforts. But unfortunately, this just doesn't cut it - I mean, how many punk rock bands don't have energy? Again, this brings me back to a previous point, the brand of punk rock on this album is too generic and formulaic.

Of course, this album does have its highlights. Specifically, "The Kids Aren't Alright" is a candid look at shattered hopes and dreams with a degree of musical interest, "Why Don't You Get A Job" is an amusing little number sung to an intriguing and effective



blend of calypso and punk rock, while "Pay The Man" tells about the control imposed over us all and has a rather interesting musical background: it starts off as a blend of punk rock and East Indian music (something like the hidden track from *Smash*) and ends off blaring like an 80s rock anthem.

In addition, fans of 80s rock will probably enjoy the significant influence the genre seems to have on this album, and the first single, "Pretty Fly (For A White Guy)" seems to be enjoying considerable mainstream success. And if you're a sucker for that neat multimedia shit that sometimes comes as a bonus on CDs, pop Americana into your computer and you can watch videos of all four singles from the last album, *1x100* On The Hombre, and video bios of The Offspring band members, in addition to visiting this virtual karaoke lounge where you can sing three songs from Americana while your computer provides musical accompaniment and lyrics on-screen.

**MILLENNIUM CABARET
WIRED ON WORDS
by Anna Alfredson**

It's been a slow birth. Creeping along the streets of Montréal. Settling into the late night corners of coffee houses and laid back bars. Crouching between the feet of musicians and comedians. But it is here: the spoken word.

And it is gathering a rumbling of attention and Montréal has begun to lift its head to the rhythmic sound spilling from the mouths of the people.

And now it's on CD.

Wired On Words is an auditory collection of the poetic minds that pass through this city. It began in 1995 and is coming to manifest itself this weekend at the Millennium Cabaret. It is the result of "tracking the poets of the wild



**MXPX
GOING THE WAY OF
THE BUFFALO
(POLYGRAM)**

by Gil Shochat

When Sid Vicious and Johnny Rotten talked about wanting to "destroy passers-by," in their punk-anthem Anarchy in the UK, surely they weren't talking about loving people to death.

What strange confusing times we live in. MXPX is a Christian punk-rock band. Maybe I'm having trouble appreciating this album because I'm no corn-fed farm boy from South Carolina, but to me the whole concept of Christian punk is more than slightly oxymoronic. Could you see Iggy Pop or Joey Ramone discussing the book of Revelations on stage. Maybe while they were exposing themselves or throwing feces at the crowd but not under any other circumstances.

Since its birth, punk has been associated with working class anger, hatred of the establishment and a downright contempt for smug middle class values. For most among these is normative religion. Which is why Christian punk confuses me so much.

Well, I guess the Lord works in mysterious ways.

As for the music itself, well it can easily be described as a poppier version of the much maligned Green Day. Songs like "Under Lock" and "Key" and "I'm OK you're OK" sound like anything off Green Day's last two albums. So if you like GD, you'll love this schlockier Christian version of them. Been there done that, not interested.



**BIG BAD
VOODOO
DADDY
BIG BAD
VOODOO
DADDY
(COOLVILLE
RECORDS)
by Astrid
Lium**



If you crazy cats thought that Woodstock '94 was the last major Gen-X cultural backtrack, get ready to trade in your patchwork bellbottoms and fimo beads for pinstripe suits and fedora hats because the latest retro movement is vastly emerging from the underground and infiltrating the mainstream.

If the hard-hitting reign of the 90s swing storm has not hit your CD collection - much less your cultural lifestyle - perhaps you should assess your motives for not adopting the trend. For those whose only exposure to the swingin' comeback has been that of the GAP khakis commercial, then you are out of the loop. However, not all is lost: replace the penny loafers with spectator shoes, and the ad provides a potent taste of the scene. For those who voluntarily reject the fad, dismissing swing as another mass culture passing like Vanilla Ice or N.K.O.T.B, I sympathize with your concerns, but still suggest horizon expansion in this case - it may prove worth your while.

This is where the new Big Bad Voodoo Daddy album, released in February of this year, comes in. An open swing sheep myself, I have purchased a plethora of the latest CDs and find that I most enjoy dancing to the rhythm of these wild swingers. You may want to utilize the swing dance classes offered during activities night next semester. While you're at it learn some Latin moves, because the track "The Mambo Swing" will have you wanting to dance both.

If you are a starving student already and reluctant about making the investment in either a new CD or dance classes, let me suggest a cheaper alternative: rent the flick *Swingers*. Even if you hate the movie, it offers a look into the swing world, including two of my favorite Big Bad Voodoo Daddy picks, "Go Daddy-O" and "You & Me & the Bottle Makes 3 Tonight". This big break for the band explains how they jammed their way into landing a major record label. If you still don't feel like you gotta jump, jive and wail by the end, then perhaps you were accurate in your initial reluctance to immerse yourself in the scene.

Overall, the album epitomizes, but offers no profound breakthroughs, in the new swing world

- it even recycles a little with a remake of Cab Calloway's "Minnie the Moocher". However, the "why fix it when it ain't broke?" tactic has been working rather well thus far. The Big Bad Voodoo Daddy troupe stands out among the array of aspiring hipsters emerging from the immensely popular swing revival, and with good reason.

**JON SPENCER BLUES
EXPLOSION
ACME
(MATADOR/CAPITAL)
by Amy Papaelias**

Jon Spencer is my boyfriend. But only in that If-Hell-Freezes-Over-And-Satan-Joins-Barbie-On-Ice sort of way. I know that I live in a very sick and twisted fantasy world, but honestly, this album kicks so much ass that I am electing myself the JSBX groupie president.

I'll admit that as a first time listener to JSBX's 1996 album *Now I Got Worry* (Matador), I was tempted to shove my middle finger directly into my

stereo in awe of why I had spent my hard earned dough on such a disgrace to the scene. After a few spins on the ol' CD player however, I became addicted to this band's infectious and eclectic sound.

My opinion of Jon Spencer Blues Explosion's newest album *Acme* stands far from the tortured love/hate relationship that I shared with their last album. This time around, Jon Spencer and his crew serve up a heaping plate of rock, blues, and funk sure to leave your taste buds satisfied. You'll be grooving away in your bedroom long before the third track even starts.

The one thing that seems to be lacking is their general ability to come up with any semi-intelligent lyrics. That aside, if you're looking for a great set of swingin' party tunes or constant grooves to listen to as the afternoon sun blazes into your bedroom window, this album will put you in the right mood.

And as the self-appointed president of Jon Spencer Groupies Inc., I encourage those of you who don't have finals to check them out in December when they come to Montréal. (I, unfortunately, will be stuck in the pits of unfrozen hell some call the "library") Sigh. As Jon so eloquently says on Track 10: "Give me a chance, cuz I'm a rock and roll daddy." Oh Jon Spencer, you certainly are.

♦ ♦ ♦ events

Thursday November 19

The B.A.chelor's Club Panel Discussion Series is holding an inaugural discussion on Violence and Non-Violence: Christian and Muslim understandings of pacifism, is Palestinian violence justified?

Xavier Graven-Triole and Sameer Dossani will be speaking. 1 pm Birks Building, rm. 205.

Treason of the Black Intellectual, the McGill Institute for the Study of Canada presents guest lecturer Dr. George Elliott Clarke who will be examining the constant contradictions and conflicts of African-Canadian literature and its attendant criticism. 4 to 6 pm, Leacock room 232.

Women's Studies coffee house presented by the Women's Studies Student's Association. Bistro 4, 4040 St. Laurent, 8 pm, free admission. For info email WSSA@hotmail.com.

Open Mike at Hillel. Come out and enjoy the performances of students at McGill Hillel's Coffee House/Beit Kafe. Doors open at 8:30 pm, 3460 Stanley Street (near Dr. Penfield). Admission is \$2 and includes snacks. For info call 845-9171.

Friday November 20

Comedy with a Cause for Tibet at Comedy Nest, an evening of laughs supports the non-violent struggle for Tibetan rights. Le Nouvel Hotel, 1740 Rene-Levesque (corner St.Mathieu) 9 pm. Reserve tickets at 849-8882 for info. Tickets are \$10, \$5 for students.

Premiere screening of *the Earth changes*, an exposition on global climate change. The theme of the event is axled on demonstrating solutions to global climate change issues. The film will be shown at 4:30 to 6pm at 1205 Dr. Penfield. The exposition will run from 12 to 6 pm. call 844-1798 for more info.

Dyke Days: A celebration of Queer Women's Pride. Kickoff party at ISART, 263 St. Antoine: folk babes rock the stage, DJs etc. \$5, proceeds to Venus at CKUT. Nov 23-27: sex workshop, poetry reading, discussions on dykes and the workplace, fami-

lies, spirituality, oppression, and more. Call Queer McGill 398-6822 for more info.

Saturday, November 21

The Maquila Solidarity Network is presenting a workshop and film on sweatshops and the garment industry in Canada and abroad, followed by a discussion. Concordia University visual arts building, rm 114. 1395 Rene-Levesque. For info call 848-7443.

Tuesday, November 24

Cognitive Behaviour Therapy Service, fall lecture series: step families: facing the challenges by Eli Rubinstein, M.Ed. 7:30pm-9pm at the Montreal General Hospital, 1650 Cedar Ave. Osler Amphitheatre. For info call 934-8034.

Wednesday, November 25

Le Frigo Vert is holding its annual general meeting on the main floor of the Concordia Graduate Students' Association, 2030 Mackay. For more information call 848-7586. Yummy munchies will be served.

Ongoing

The Project would like to send its warmest thanks to all those who helped to raise funds and awareness towards the hurricane relief efforts in Central America and the Caribbean. Your contributions helped to raise \$1800, to collect two van fulls of food, plus 35 bags of clothes, and to distribute 3,000 newsletters to McGill students.

The McGill Domestic Violence Clinic offers a treatment group for men who abuse their partners or for whom the issue of violence in relationships is of concern to them. The group meets weekly on Tuesday evenings from 6:00-8:00 pm. Services are offered on a sliding scale fee basis. For more information, contact Laura Johnston or Dong Kim at 398-2686.

The Bi Group meets Wednesdays at 5:30pm in Shatner rm 423. People of all genders are encouraged to attend.

The Women's Group meets Thursdays at 6 pm in Shatner rm. 423. All Queer women are wel-

come.

The Coming-Out Group meets Fridays at 5:30 pm in Shatner in rm 423. For people of all genders who are just coming out, or who are uncertain about their sexuality.

The Men's group meets Fridays at 7 pm in the basement of UTC (3521 University St., just north of Milton. All queer men are welcome.

Women's Support Group- a facilitated group for women who are or who have been in abusive relationships. Meetings are informal, confidential and free of cost. The place is safe and secure. For more information, please contact Heather Holmes at the McGill Domestic Violence Clinic- 398-2686.

Criminal Injustice, a working group of QPIRG McGill, is organizing a series of events for Restorative Justice Week 1998, until the 25th of November. call 398-7432.

The Project invites you to join in the creation of the International Festival for Humanity. The event will take place at McGill and in five other cities around the world in April 1999. We're looking for anyone interested in shakin' the world. Come and join us. For more info call Mauricio or Brad at 844-1610.

The Poumon-9 Line is a bilingual help line for smokers, ex-smokers, their family and friends. Operative Monday to Friday 2 to 9 p.m.

The McGill Eating Disorder Unit offers support groups free of charge to all students aged 18 years or older. For more info or to join call 398-1050.

Outreach to Inmates: Bordeaux jail Protestant Chaplaincy invites McGill students to form a support group for preventative detention inmates. Thursdays 1-4. Call Gwenda Wells, 398-4104.

Canada World Youth is conducting its annual recruitment campaign: deadline is November 20th. Call 931-3933.

Parentheses is a parent support group providing an oppor-

tunity for parents of young children to get together. Call Cyndy Spilberg at 934-0354 ext. 354.

McGill Centre for Research and Teaching on Women is looking for a person interested in women's studies to write 3 or 4 press releases per semester. will pay \$8-10 an hour. call Blossom at 398-3911.

Calls for Volunteers

The Daily invites all interested parties to come and help out with writing, photos, or layout. Drop by the office at Shatner B-03 or call 398-6784.

Volunteers needed at the NDG Food Depot and NDG Info Depot. Call Gina at 483-5346.

Big Brothers and Big Sisters of West Island are looking for mentors, male and female, 18 yrs and up, to commit one hour/week. Make a difference in the life of a child. For info call 684-6100.

The CLSC NDG/Montréal West is looking for volunteers to assist individuals with different needs on a one-to-one basis or to help with office/reception work. For more info call the CLSC Volunteer Coordination office at 485-7811, ext. 1015 or 1020.

Queer Line call for Volunteers. Queer line is seeking dedicated, queer and queer-positive students to be trained as volunteers in our January training session. All those interested should attend a short orientation session on Friday Nov 27th at 5 pm in Shatner rm 435. For more info call Queer Line at 398-6822.

If you love babies or want experience working with infant twins, CLSC René-Cassin needs you. The organization seeks volunteers to work one-on-one with overwhelmed families with recent twins in the West End. Patience, reliability and experience necessary. Call Elizabeth at 488-9163 ext. 351 for more info.

Help stop elder abuse! The Elder Abuse Info-line is seeking bilingual volunteers to help seniors in need and raise awareness around elder abuse and seniors' rights. You will receive appropriate training, develop communication skills and be part of a dy-

namic volunteer team. For more info call Heather Hart: 488-9163 ext. 360.

Volunteer to be a Best Buddy! Best Buddies creates friendships between people with developmental disabilities and college students. For more info e-mail bb@ssmu.mcgill.ca.

Santropol Roulant is looking for volunteers to deliver meals to those living with a loss of autonomy. With project GO, student involvement is facilitated by bringing meals to the Shatner Building. Those interested call Genevieve at 282-0245.

Contactivity Centre for Seniors is looking for volunteers and donations. Activities include a telephone check up service, community involvement for elders, social development, health and physical well being programs and home support services. Contact 932-3433 for more info.

The Shalom Line seeks patient and compassionate listeners, over 20 years of age, to volunteer on their confidential, anonymous listening line. To get involved call 735-3541.

Mines Action Canada is sending out a challenge to students and professors to come up with new or improved technologies to detect and remove land mines. Preliminary proposals are due November 30. Contact Mary Foster at (613)-234-6755.

Call for volunteers at Atwater Library and Computing Centre. Three hours a week only. Pick up an application at the circulation desk or call Susan McGuire, 937-3169.

Volunteers wanted for YM-YWHA Computer Drop-In Centre. Volunteers must be computer literate and enjoy working with teens. Call Abba at 737-6551, ext.230.

Improve your leadership, public speaking and group skills by volunteering at CLSC René-Cassin. CLSC is presently recruiting volunteers to work in an In-home Simulation program. You will be trained and supervised by professional and learn to run activities with seniors, the market of the future. Call 488-9163 local 351 for info.

daily classifieds

Ads may be placed through the Daily Business Office, Room B-07, University Centre, 9h00-14h00. Deadline is 14h00, two working days prior to publication. McGill Students & Staff (with valid ID): \$4.75 per day, 3 or more consecutive days, \$4.25 per day. General Public: \$6.00 per day, or \$5.00 per day for 3 or more consecutive days. Extra charges may apply, prices include applicable GST or PST. Full payment should accompany your advertising order and may be made in cash or by personal cheque (for amounts over \$20 only). For more information, please visit our office or call 398-6790. **WE CANNOT TAKE CLASSIFIED ADS OVER THE PHONE. PLEASE CHECK YOUR AD CAREFULLY WHEN IT APPEARS IN THE PAPER.** The Daily assumes no financial responsibility for errors, or damages due to errors. Ad will re-appear free of charge upon request if information is incorrect due to our error. The Daily reserves the right not to print any classified ad.

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publisher of The McGill Daily and Le Delit Français invites you to its

Annual General Meeting (AGM)

Tuesday November 24, 1998 Shatner Building Rm. 107/108 3:30-5:00 pm

For more information, please leave a message for

David Goldfarb, Chief Returning Officer (CRO) at 398-6790

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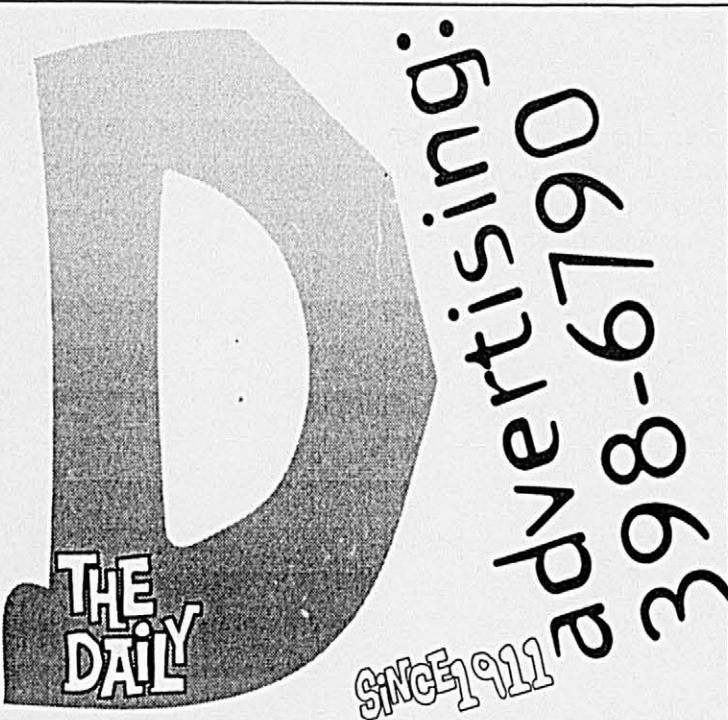
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Participation involves filling out several questionnaires in our laboratory, followed by ratings of daily life events over the next week. The initial testing takes approximately an hour to an hour and a half; the daily ratings take about 20 minutes. Participants are paid 30\$ each. If interested, please call 398-7425, and leave a message.



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VARIETY

The McGill Daily



OPENS FRIDAY NOVEMBER 20